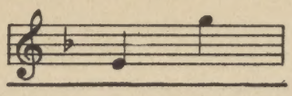
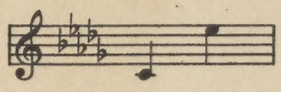
Sample Copy

HIGH VOICE IN F



LOW VOICE IN D♭



BOY O' DREAMS

SONG

VERSE BY

HELEN HAY WHITNEY

MUSIC BY

CHARLES BOCHAU

PRICE 40¢ NET
(IN U.S.A.)

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
"THE HOUSE DEVOTED TO THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON

®

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Margot Knew

Verse by
Frederick H. Martens

Music by
Charles Gilbert Spross

The John Church Co.
Cincinnati New York London

SOLO—Two Keys

When Margot sought the woodland shade
To gather cresses by the brook,
Upon her track young Lubin strayed,
To follow her his sheep forsook.
Ti-ra-la, la, la, la, la,
Ti-ra-la, la, la, la, la.

Her cresses gathered, one and all,
O, is it strange that up he slips,
And as, surprised, she lets them fall,
He falls to kissing her red lips?
Ti-ra-la, la, la, la, la,
Ti-ra-la, la, la, la, la.

Did Margot know that woodland shades
Far sweeter things than cresses grew?
'Tis hard to judge the mind of maids;
Yet, somehow, I think Margot knew!
Ti-ra-la, la, la, la, la,
Ti-ra-la, la, la, la, la.

—*Frederick H. Martens.*

Copyright MCMXXIII by The John Church Company.

To Miss Regine Minske

"Boy o' Dreams"

Text from "Gypsy Verses"
by HELEN HAY WHITNEY
Used with kind permission of the
Author and Messrs. Duffield & Co, N.Y.

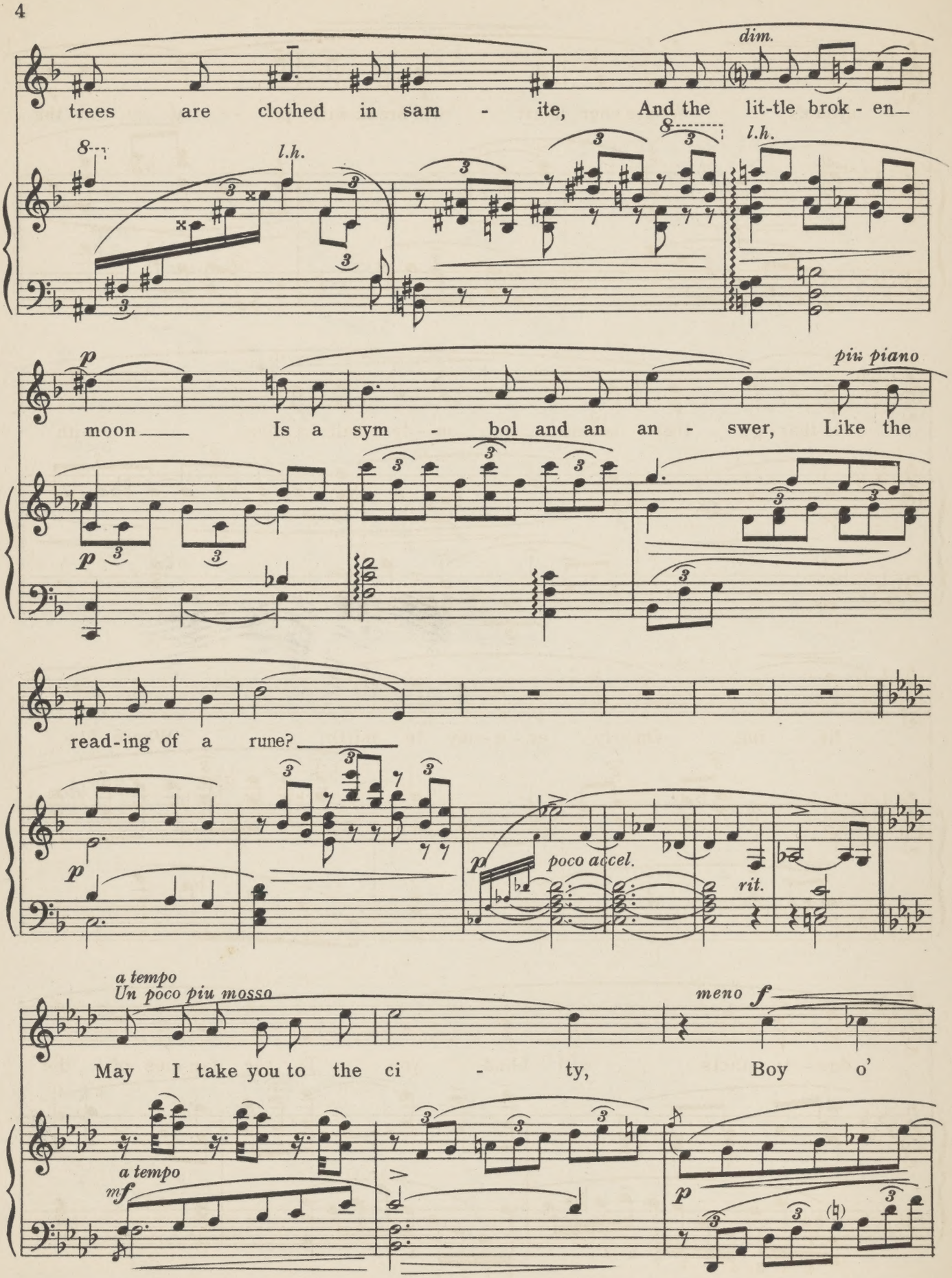
High F Low D♭

CHARLES BOCHAU.

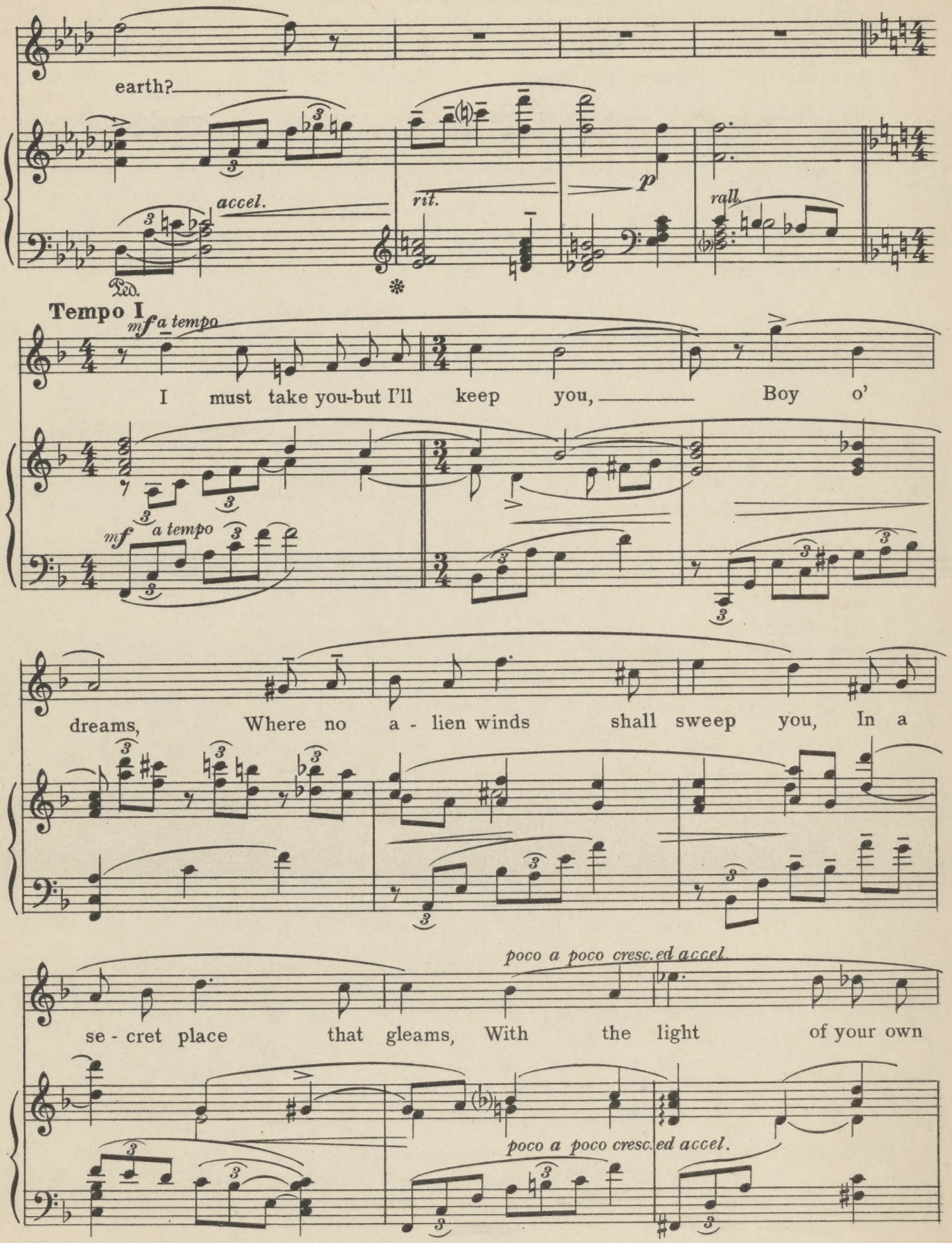
Andante con moto

PIANO
p
Ped.
VOICE
Must I leave you in the moun - tains,
Boy o' dreams, Must I leave you where the
foun - tains toss the sil-ver of their streams, Where the

Copyright MCMXXVI by The John Church Company.
International Copyright.
Made in the U.S.A.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Including Public Performance For Profit.


trees are clothed in sam - ite, And the lit-tle brok - en
dim.
l.h.
l.h.
moon Is a sym - bol and an an - swer, Like the
p
piu piano
read-ing of a rune?
p
poco accel.
rit.
a tempo
Un poco piu mosso
May I take you to the ci - ty, Boy o'
meno f
a tempo
mf
p

dreams, Where your heart will break with pi - ty at the
le-thar - gy that seems on - ly half a - live with
liv - ing, On - ly en - e - my to mirth, Where the
dus - ty facts will blind you To the fan-cies of the


earth?
accel.
rit.
p
rall.
Ped.
Tempo I
mf a tempo
I must take you-but I'll keep you, Boy o'
mf a tempo
dreams, Where no a - lien winds shall sweep you, In a
poco a poco cresc. ed accel.
se - cret place that gleams, With the light of your own
poco a poco cresc. ed accel.

poco accel. e cresc.
laugh - ter; Yours the ves - sel, yours the chart, And we'll
poco accel. e cresc.
Ped.
brave the storm to - geth - er, We'll brave the storm to -
rit.
f allargando
piu f
geth - - er, You, you, the
rit.
l.h.
l.h.
Ped.
Ped.
fz
cap-tain of my heart.
fz
f
Ped.

Come Down, Laughing Streamlet

Verse by
Alfred H. Hyatt

Music by
Charles Gilbert Spross

The John Church Co.
Cincinnati New York London

SOLO—Two Keys
G (e to a) D (b to e)
Price, 60 cents net
Quartette—Women's Voices, 15c

Come down, laughing streamlet,
From the hills of dawn,
High amid the heather,
Singing songs of morn.
Yonder waits the river,
Waits to bear you far,
Past the distant city,
To the sea's blue bar.
Come down, laughing streamlet.

Flow on, happy river,
To the sea fast flow;
Take my heart's sweet message
With you as you go.
Waits a heart in longing
For the song you bear,
Tell it, sing it, river, sweetly, ev'rywhere.

—*Alfred H. Hyatt.*

Copyright, MCMXI, by The John Church Company